The poore aduanced makes friends of th enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemie.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from mee day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now

King. Tis deepely sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe,

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anone, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of that? your maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord,

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If I could see the puppits dallying.

Oph. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leau
thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bel
low for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing
Confederat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonza*
go, the story is extant and written in very choice Italian, you shall se
anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but* Ham. *and* Horatio

Ham. Why let the stroken deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir and a forrest of fea
thers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turke with me, with prouinci
all *Roses*, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of players

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dimantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousan
pound. Didst perceaue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the poysoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.